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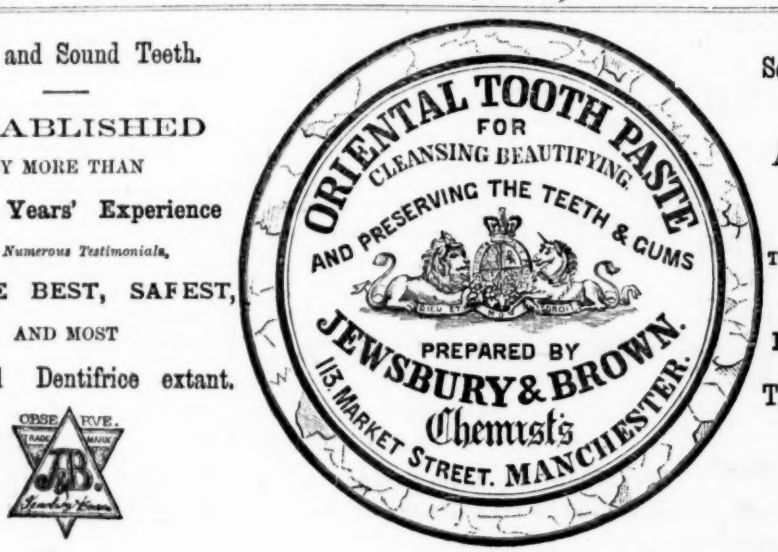

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(Continued from our last.)

And the clatter of footsteps seemed to be bearing down apon him like a hurricane. Presently he found himself confronted by a ragged boy with a very impudent stare, and who did not appear to be in the slightest degree inclined to entertain reverential feelings towards either the "little blue 'un" or the janty "inexpressibles," as he abruptly dropped his vocal rendering of "Tommy Dodd," and, thrusting his tongue into his cheek, continued the strain in that peculiar kind of whistle attributed to the "Artful Dodger."

"Is Sam Smithies in;" asked Ab of the ragged piece of impudence before him.

"How do I know? I aint *his* book-keeper," said the other, making a spring, and clearing the outer steps at a jump. Then, setting up a yell that made the street sound as if it had been converted into a school for juvenile infernals, the youngster seized a handcart and dashed its wheels against the kirbstone opposite the door.

"If thou *art* a book-keeper I shouldno' like to meet thy mesther in a dark place, theau young gallows-bait!" said Ab, with an almost irrepressible inclination to give the bundle of rags a wholesome dusting. But the youth, as if apprehending a visitation from Ab's toe, made a sudden diversion, and scampered away, shouting at the top of his voice as he turned the corner of the street—

"*Bring me th' same!*"

Our friend, chagrined to find that the weak side of his character was not entirely unknown even in that dust-haunted street, made a desperate lunge at the stairs, and commenced their ascent, as if with a determination to trample upon them in other than a matter-of-fact sense; but a door opening on the second landing, which shot a strip of light into the gloom, his feelings were changed as if by magic; for he became alive to the presence of an old face—the one he was seeking.

"Hallo, owd Swell!" said the owner of the face, opening the door wider, and making way for Ab to enter: "what's up wi' thee? Theau'rt no' for Lunnon again, arta?"

"Drop that, Sam," said Ab (it was Sam Smithies he was addressing), "I've had enoough o' that deawn th' stairs; but if theau's abeaut ten minutes to spare I could like t' ha' some talk wi' thee."

"Well," replied Sam, "considerin' th' state trade is in I dunno' know but I could spare ten *hours*. Sit thee deawn, an' let's yer what theau hast' say," and he motioned to an old desk stool that had nothing to do but to hob-and-hob with a heap of yarn bundles.

"Well," said Ab, seating himself, "I'm coome upo' a very curious *arnt* (errand). I'm gooin' t' *insure my life*, if I con manage a job o' that sort."

Sam took up a penknife, and placing his back against the counter, commenced scrap'ng his nails; now and then giving his friend a look that was meant to assure himself as to whether he was in jest or earnest. At length he said:—

"Theau'rt——well,—an' what abeaut it?"

"Everythin'," replied Ab. "I want thee t' put me i' th' way o' doin' it, if theau con."

"Heaw mich doest' want to insure for?"

"A *hundert*."

"A hundert what!"

"A hundert peaund; what else?"

"Dost know how much brass it'll tak'?"

"Ay, owd Thuston has gan me a like aim."

"An' theau'rt prepared for payin' it?"

"If I hadno' bin I shouldno' ha' coome here. If theau thinks th' brass would be moore useful i' bizness, I dunno' mind' gooin' int' partnership wi' thee; that is, if theau'rt wantin' owt o' th' sort."

(To be continued.)

BEN. BRIERLY'S JOURNAL,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY,

PRICE TWOPENCE.

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POETRY:—By "Racla," John L. Owen, and Charles Potter.

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THEATRICAL PRICES.

TWO eminent men in the profession of amusement have lately been writing to the papers—Mr. Mapleson to a Manchester, and Mr. Boucicault to a London, daily journal. Mr. Mapleson having to do with the aristocratic opera-goers, and Mr. Boucicault with the plebeian play-goers, the wide divergence between them is accounted for. Mr. Mapleson is the apostle of enormous charges, Mr. Boucicault of cheap admissions. Let us remark upon and contrast their two manifestos.

Than Mr. Mapleson's recent letter we can conceive of nothing more cool and unreasonable. Mr. Mapleson has organized several opera seasons in Manchester. At first, they seem to have succeeded moderately well, at the high price of seven-and-sixpence for the stalls, and other places in proportion. Mr. Mapleson has now raised the highest price to the monstrous charge of twelve-and-sixpence. The theatre in that part is, consequently, and most sensibly, and, as anybody might have foreseen, deserted. Nothing could be more natural, or do more credit to the good sense of the community. The man who would take his family to have the privilege of gazing at the stale and frowzy scenery of the Theatre Royal for three hours, at the price of twelve-and-sixpence each, must be either a millionaire or a maniac. The people of Manchester are neither millionaires nor maniacs; so they quietly keep away. Whereupon Mr. Mapleson takes upon himself to write to the papers, demanding to know why the public do not flock to his performances, informing them that it is their duty to crowd his stalls and private boxes, showering twelve-and-sixpences upon him, and threatening, by way of an awful warning, to withdraw his presence from our benighted community. Surely this is the most extraordinary document ever composed by a servant of the public. Mr. Mapleson appears to be of opinion that the laws of supply and demand ought to make him an exception to their operation; and that, whereas other people have carefully to note and laboriously to accommodate the needs of the public before they can make a profit out of them, Mr. Mapleson ought to be able to supply what he likes at twelve-and-sixpence a-head, and walk off with a good fat *souvenir* of his visit. But, strange to say, notwithstanding the commands of this operatic Canute, the laws of supply and demand go on working just the same as ever; and instead of him pocketing a handsome reward for making his prices extortionate, he comes out of the fight with political economy, his trousers' pockets turned inside out.

We quite agree with several of those who have been writing on this subject, that fashion has something to do with the desertion of Italian Opera in Manchester. Although it is very unusual for fashion to be so sensible as to prefer rational concerts to what must be so much gibberish to three-fourths of those who *don't* go to the Italian operas, undoubtedly fashion has its influence in the matter. But the real obstacle to the success of Mr. Mapleson's venture is, certainly, and on the face of it, the monstrous charges. How can any mediocre entertainment hope to succeed in Manchester at twelve and sixpence a stall? Manchester is not London. It has not anything like such a body of inane wealth in it. Besides, we question if these operas, put upon the stage as they are here, would pay even in London. At any rate, to set such prices down in this place is to write failure on the programme. As for Mr. Mapleson's dreadful threat of leaving us to our besotted niggardliness, we dare say that Manchester will not break its heart over the loss of a gentleman so unreasonable, so extortionate, and so rude.

In striking contrast to Mr. Mapleson's contribution to contemporary literature is Mr. Boucicault's. Indeed, so admirable a business man is Mr. Boucicault, so practical is his mind, so pregnant are his suggestions, and withal so ambitious are his aspirations, that one is tempted to wish that he would give up writing bad plays, and devote his attention to continually writing those letters on theatrical reforms with which he occasionally favours the *Daily Telegraph*. Mr. Boucicault points out that the tariff of admission to the theatre is altogether too high. This has always been a favourite notion of our own, though it must be remembered that we are not taxed nearly so heavily here as are the Londoners. It must be evident, argues Mr. Boucicault, that when the price of a stall is seven shillings, theatre-going can never become, as it ought to be, as much a part of England's existence as is England's newspaper. The price is prohibitory. Mr. Boucicault, whose authority upon such points is great, declares that this prevailing extravagance of fees robs managers, actors, and authors of as much profit as it does the public of pleasure. He states that, in ordinary times, the high-priced parts of theatres are only occupied by people of whom quite one-half are admitted free. This squandering of the means of enjoyment to thousands he justly regards as both injudicious and deplorable. What he would do would be to build the auditorium large, to surround an open pit with a tier but slightly raised, surmounted by two other tiers, to provide the whole with roomy, comfortable sofas, to charge two shillings everywhere, except the top tier, which should be a shilling, and to abolish all gratuities and imposts from the place. To Mr. Boucicault's suggestions we would add—surround the tiers with private boxes, to hold twos, and threes, and fours, at proportionally reasonable charges, and establish light refreshment rooms, where ices and cooling drinks could be obtained at rigorously modest prices. Such a system would revolutionize the theatrical world. It would place the delights of the drama within the constant reach of the largest of families. It would multiply theatres over the land. It would raise the calling of the actor into one of the recognised respectable professions. It would make educated men and women choose that mode of life. It would provide numbers of our surplus female population with a fascinating means of obtaining a livelihood. It would encourage authors of the highest calibre to devote their genius to the stage. It would in time build up a grand dramatic literature.

Whilst we can see no end to the advantages that would ensue upon the adoption of this most admirable reform, we can see no beginning to the evils. It is quite a mistake to suppose that the character of audiences would be lowered: they could not well be that. As Mr. Boucicault points out, it is not the price of admission, but the tone of the performance, which regulates the character of the audience; and whilst the tariff of admission should be lowered, the standard of performance should be raised. Respectable spectacles would bring respectable spectators. High-class plays would draw a high-class public. Fashionable pieces would attract fashionable folks. Perhaps, even, the time might come when bishops would commend performances, not merely upon hearsay, but from personal experience. No end of good would result from the free and constant influx of respectable, staid people, and their families, into our places of amusement. These would no longer have to dress in gorgeous costume, and to spend more money upon gloves and cabs than they can spare.

They would walk in, in their usual attire, and take their places as they are. This would bring a crowd of people whom full dress, and gloves, and cabs combine to keep away. As matters stand, it is an enterprise, requiring energy and capital and much arrangement, for a father of a family to take his people to the theatre. This should all be changed. Upon the other hand, the regular frequenters of the house would no longer have their pit cooped up behind six rows of empty stalls. They would take up their places amongst the rest, and have, instead of being "cribbed, cabined, and confined" on hard, uncomfortable benches, roomy sofas whereon to luxuriate.

We feel sure that before very long Mr. Boucicault's system will force its recommendations on the dull perceptions of theatrical managers—surely, of all persons, the most incompetent to mind their own business. When that happy day arrives, the theatre will be transformed out of a place of martyrdom into a palace of delight. We shall no longer sit in torture and a profuse perspiration, on an excruciating chair, amidst a howling wilderness—wondering why on earth our comfort has been sacrificed to make that room which nobody takes up. We shall be comfortably seated amongst our friends. We shall no longer be plundered at the door. We shall no longer be pillaged by box-keepers. We shall no longer be left in ignorance as to the performance we have paid to see unless we pay again for bills of information. An inexhaustable source of pleasure will be thrown open to the public. An enormous amount of that happiness which is what men live for, will be diffused over all ranks of people; and a new element of light and gladness will be introduced into the sad and sombre life of the English nation.

THE VOCAL SOCIETY.

THE Manchester Vocal Society owes its existence, advancement, and present position to the care and perseverance of Mr. Henry Wilson, a gentleman of much musical experience in the city. The principal intention is to promote, as far as possible, a taste for the glees and part-songs of the old composers, a style of music but little heard now-a-days, and seldom written by our living writers.

The first concert given by the Society took place in October, 1867, in the Hulme Town Hall, and the success attending it was so great, that the committee were induced to form what was merely a tentative effort into an established fact, which they did by making the concerts "subscription," and holding them in a more central position. The Town Hall, in King Street, was the place first chosen, but the room eventually became too small for the audience, and last year the performances took place in the Concert Hall, where they will most likely remain for the future. That the members are individually most carefully trained is certain, for all the pieces are sung without any conductor, and, with a few exceptions, without any accompaniment; and it speaks highly for Mr. Wilson's power of drilling, and the intelligence of the choir, that the unaccompanied songs are never the least successful. When a long and complicated glee is sung through without any perceptible fall at the end, and without the least hesitation or uncertainty anywhere, there can be no doubt that the greatest pains must have been taken both by the performers themselves and the conductor.

Vocal societies of this kind, where glees and madrigals are performed, and admirably performed, have undoubtedly a powerful and beneficial effect in creating a musical taste amongst the public; and if these concerts, besides from the pleasure they give at the time, conduce in any way to the formation of private glee-parties, they will have achieved at least one part of their object. It is a pity that music of this kind has ceased to be popular in private circles of late years. Voices do not require enormous training to make them passable in concerted music in a private room, and no better lessons would be given to amateurs than a performance like that of last Tuesday evening. The concert, the first of the season, was quite satisfactory; the selection of pieces was very skilfully managed, there being a sufficiently pleasing variety; and they were sung with even excellence throughout. Dr. Wesley's glee, "Faith,,, which terminated the first part, was decidedly the most beautiful work given during the evening, and the performance was worthy of the music. The most appreciated of the numbers, however, seemed to be the chorus, "In te Domine Speravi," by Bononcini, the almost forgotten contemporary and (at the time) rival of Handel. It is an effective and florid composition; was sung with great force and *élan*, and gained an encore. "Mona on Snowdon Calls," by Dr. Crotch—a very fine and dramatic glee—was admirably given, and was a worthy finale to an excellent concert. The other part-songs went equally well. They were evidently most thoroughly understood by the choir. The four solos varied the performance very pleasingly, J. P. Knight's "A Voice from the Ocean," sung by Miss Henderson, being encored. If we must find fault at all, we would suggest that the fortes were sometime given somewhat suddenly. They startled where such an effect was not intended, for the want of a more gradual crescendo. This fault was more apparent in the male than the female voices.

[LANCASHIRE WORTHIES.]

THE FOUNDER OF THE PEEL FAMILY.

THE Peel family, from which the famous statesman sprang, was, early in the fifteenth century, one of yeomen, settled in Craven, in Yorkshire. Some of its members were then, too, "seised" of lands in the hundred of Blackburn, in Lancashire. Whether, by a mere coincidence, or, from a continuance of the old connection between the Yorkshire and Lancashire Peels, is unknown, but it is certain that William Peele (as the name was then spelt) migrated at the beginning of the seventeenth century from the district of Craven to the neighbourhood of Blackburn, and there founded the family which has become historic. This William's grandson, Robert, was a manufacturer of woollen cloths, at Blackburn, towards the middle of the seventeenth century. "The cloth," says Sir Laurence Peel, cousin and biographer of the statesman, "was stamped with patterns from wooden blocks, on which they were cut. Some of these blocks were seen by my father," a younger brother of the first Sir Robert Peel, "when a boy, lying neglected in a lumber-room in his grandfather's house. He expressed his regret that they had not been preserved, and described them as curious from their very rudeness." The Blackburn woollen manufacturer was a thriving man. One of his sons became curate of Blackburn, and the other purchased, after his father's death, a small estate in the neighbourhood of Blackburn, called the Crosse, afterwards and now called Peel's Fold, and still in the family. The first heir of Peel's Fold, William, was a sickly man, and under him the family fortunes rather receded than progressed. With William's son, Robert, they took a start again, and went forward until another Robert, grandson of this one, became Prime Minister of England. In the days of this Robert, the family name became Peel, instead of Peele. A frugal and practical man, even in his signatures, he dropped the final "e" from his name "for no better reason," says his grand-nephew, Sir Laurence, than the utilitarian one which he assigned, "that it was of no use, as it did not alter the sound."

Born in 1723, this first Robert of the Peels without the final "e," who may be considered the founder of the family, was fairly bred and educated, and his patrimony brought him a hundred a year. He farmed his paternal acres, and as children grew up about him, he eked out his income, no doubt, by domestic spinning and weaving, after the fashion of the district and the time. He married (in 1744) a wife of gentler blood than his own—Elizabeth Haworth, of Lower Darwen—and her brother had learned calico-printing in London, then the only seat of the trade in England. According to a pretty uniform tradition, Haworth tempted his brother-in-law to give up farming and try calico-printing in combination with manufacturing, at Blackburn. Four years before Robert Peel's marriage, calico, or rather cloth, printing had taken a considerable start in England. In 1736 the legislature repealed the absurd prohibition, originally aimed at a fancied competition of Indian printed calicoes with the home woollen and silk manufactures. In that year the British subject was graciously permitted to use or wear printed calicoes, provided they were not all cotton. It was not until 1774 that a wise legislature permitted our grandfathers and grandmothers to use or wear printed calicoes made of cotton pu:

and simple! But the first of these concessions was very profitable to Blackburn. The town and neighbourhood had long been famous for its production of "Blackburn greys" of linen warp and cotton weft. By the act of 1737 these could be printed on, and they were sent for that purpose to London. Why not print them where they are produced? is said to have been the question put by Haworth to his brother-in-law, Robert Peel. The result is represented to have been that Robert Peel raised money by mortgaging his farm. Haworth contributed what he could, and Yates, of the Black Bull Inn, Blackburn (Billy fro' th' Bull, as he was called in the vernacular), the richest of the three, was persuaded to join them, with £500 down. Hence the firm of Haworth, Peel, and Yates, with works at Brookside, in Blackburn (to a house in Fish Lane of which town Robert Peel migrated from Peel Fold), and with a warehouse in Manchester. So far one tradition, but the facts, as suggested by another, were probably a little different. According to general agreement, calico-printing was first introduced into Lancashire, and then on a small scale, by the Claytons, at Bamber Bridge, near Preston, about the year 1764. Now Robert Peel was a striving manufacturer long before this date, and the origin of the firm of Haworth, Peel, and Yates is generally assigned to the middle of the eighteenth century. In the memoir of Hargreaves, we have seen the first Robert Peel employing him to amend Lewis Paul's machine for carding cotton, years before the introduction of calico-printing into Lancashire. Is it not more likely that the firm of Haworth, Peel, and Yates began as manufacturers of Blackburn greys, employing spinners and weavers in the then usual way, and that only some time after the Claytons had introduced calico-printing into Lancashire did they add that new branch to their other business? This view, suggested by dates, is supported by a tradition that the notion of calico-printing was first suggested to the firm by an accidental proof of the profits to be realized by printing. Some cloth had been spoilt for its original purpose in the weaving, and they sent it to the Claytons at Bamber Bridge to be printed for them as handkerchiefs. These they disposed of at such a profit as to induce them to add calico-printing to their other operations.

From his employment of Hargreaves and other facts, it is evident that the first Robert Peel was a man of contrivance and ingenuity, not merely an employer of other people's labour, and a successful trafficker in its interests. There is a tradition that his success as a calico-printer was due to his discovery of some process which he succeeded in keeping a close secret. This has been supposed to be the application of sugar-of-lead to increase the efficacy of alum, the only mordant known to the first English calico-printers, and still the only one used in India. It has been fancied, too, that he substituted metal plates for the old wooden blocks, and the anecdote of the parsley-leaf has been adduced in support of a theory otherwise baseless. According to the latest version of this story, he was in his kitchen, making experiments in printing on handkerchiefs and small pieces of cloth, when his only daughter, then a girl, "afterwards Mrs. Willock, the mother of the postmaster of Manchester," came into it from the garden with some parsley which she had been gathering for the dinner table. It flashed across her, as she looked on the herb, that it would make a very pretty pattern, and her father, after a little reflection, said that he would try it. "A pewter dinner-plate," says Sir Laurence Peel, "for such was then the common dinner-plate in families of their degree, was taken down from the shelf, and on it was sketched, say, rather, scratched, a figure of the leaf, and from this impressions were taken. It was called in the family, Nancy's pattern, after his daughter. It became a favourite; in the trade it was known as the parsley-leaf pattern; and apt alliteration lending its artful aid, gave its inventor the name of Parsley Peel." Here there is no suggestion that any improvement in the art of calico-printing was connected with the rather pretty story. The earliest hint of the kind occurs in Mr. Baines's well-known *History of the Cotton Manufacture*, when, after hearing of the first Robert Peel's achievements as a cotton manufacturer, the reader receives the following enlightenment:—"He also took up the printing business, and I have been informed by a member of his family that he made his first experiments secretly in his own house; there cloth, instead of being calendered, was ironed by a female of the family; and that the pattern was a parsley-leaf." Years afterwards, the mythus which makes Robert Peel a great inventor thus emerges in the parsley-leaf anecdote given by Mr. Smiles in *Self-Help*:—"Robert Peel's attention was principally directed to the *printing* of calico, then a comparatively unknown art, and for some time he carried on a series of experiments with the object of printing by machinery. The experiments were secretly conducted in his own house, the cloth being ironed for the purpose by one of the women of the family. It was then customary, in such houses as the Peel's, to use pewter plates at dinner. Having sketched a figure or pattern on one of the plates, the thought struck him that an impression might be got from it in reverse, and printed on calico with colour. In a cottage at the end of the farm-house lived a woman who kept a calendering machine, and going into her cottage, he put the plate with colour rubbed into the figure part, and some calico over it, through the machine, when it was found to have a satisfactory impression. *Such is said to have been the origin of roller-printing on calico.*" Thus it is that stories grow and swell; and the appearance of Miss Peel in her father's kitchen with a sprig of parsley in her hand is made to form an era in the history of calico-printing. "Roller-printing," or rather cylinder-printing, which in the history of calico-printing is what the invention of the spinning-jenny or the mule is in that of cotton-spinning, was not invented until 1788, and then by a Scotchman of the name of Bell. It is possible that the first Robert Peel may have employed more extensively than his competitors flat surfaces of metal instead of the wooden blocks then generally used, but even if he had invented the substitution of metal for wood, that substitution was in itself no very fertile improvement. It was the invention of cylinder-printing that enabled calico-printing to attain its late gigantic development. While flat surfaces alone were used, whether of wood or of metal, 448 separate dippings of the block and impressions were needed to print a piece of calico 26 or 27 inches wide and 28 yards in length. In 1754, the production of "a pi ce of English chintz," of somewhat superior workmanship, on a "British cotton" (in which, however, there must have been an admixture of flax), was considered such a marvel that it was formally presented to the then Princess of Wales, who was graciously pleased to accept of it as "being of our own manufacture," and the presentation was elaborately chronicled by the Court newsmen of the day. The happy donor, a "Mr. Sedgwick, a very considerable wholesale trader in printed goods, was introduced to her Royal Highness at Leicester House, where her Highness," mother of George III., "was pleased to say she was very glad we had arrived at so great a perfection in the art of printing, and that, in her opinion, it was preferable to any Indian chintz whatsoever, and would give orders to have it made up into a garment for her Highness's own wear immediately, as an encouragement to the labour and ingenuity of this country." In 1750, it was computed that fifty thousand pieces of calico were printed yearly in England. In 1830 the number was eight and a half millions; and a common fine calico piece, which in 1776 cost £2. 14s. 10d., could in the latter year be purchased for 6s.

"Parsley Peel," as he was called, from the success of the pattern due to the quick and æsthetic eye of his daughter, may not have contributed any very great invention to the trade, but undoubtedly he was one of the earliest and most successful of Lancashire calico-printers. Very probably, too, he was among the first to adopt, or to aim at adopting, the spinning-jenny of Hargreaves, who had formerly been in his employment, and one of his sons told Sir Lawrence Peel that he was both "a thinker and an inventor, that his genius for mechanics was considerable, and that he was the real inventor of one very important improvement in the machinery for cotton spinning, for which, if he had chosen to claim his own, he might have had a patent." The reason assigned for his forbearance, is, that he was "a shy and reserved man, who was averse from putting himself forward." But there may have been a more cogent external cause for it. "Important improvements in the machinery for cotton-spinning" were dangerous to the inventor in that time, and especially in that place. In the riot which accompanied, in Blackburn and its neighbourhood, the promulgation of Hargreaves's great invention, the spinning-jenny, the works of Parsley Peel seem to have been attacked. Like Hargreaves he shook the dust of the ungrateful district from off his feet, and migrated southward to Burton-on-Trent, even then famous for its ales. He built three solid cotton-mills there, and brought up most of his sons in a knowledge of the trade, which, with the invention of the spinning-jenny, was rising towards colossal importance. His absent ways, and meditative look, led the Burton people to dub him "the philosopher."

When an old gentleman, he retired from business, and spent with his wife the last years of life in a house of his own on Ardwick Green, then as rural as its name would seem to betoken. According to Sir Laurence Peel, who received the description from one of his sons: "He wore a bushy Johnsonian wig; like the sage, he was dressed in dark clothes of ample cut; he leaned as he walked upon a tall gold-headed cane; and, as he was a very handsome man, he looked a figure stately enough for a mediæval Burgomaster." He died in September, 1795, nine months before his wife, who was about his own age (72), and who had hoped to survive him. "Robert," she said to her husband, one evening, towards the close of their lives, as they sat by their fireside in Ardwick Green, "Robert, I hope that I may live a few months after thee." To his interrogatory "why?" she replied: "Robert, thou has been always a kind, good husband to me, thou hast been a man well thought of, and I should like to stay by thee to the last, and keep thee all right." The good old lady's wish was granted, and then she was laid by his side in a vault of St. John's Church-yard, in our city. Meanwhile, the third of their six sons, all of them engaged in this or that branch of the cotton trade, had made a splendid fortune by calico-printing, and represented Tamworth in the House of Commons. His son, again, was already, though but a boy of seven, in training for the career destined to carry to all the ends of the earth the fame of the name of Peel. How different might have been the course of British politics if, one day early in the second half of the eighteenth century, some cotton cloth of a Blackburn firm had not been spoilt in the weaving, and sent to Bamber Bridge to be printed in handkerchief fashion.

TOWN TALK,
AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

CHANGES ON THE BOWDON LINE.

THE introduction of a new broom, in the person of the new secretary, on the Bowdon Railway has been followed by a series of changes in the administration of the line of a more or less startling description, It would be unfair not to acknowledge that most of the changes appear to be favourably regarded. The comfort of passengers who choose to travel "second-class" has been studied in the provision of a few considerably improved carriages. There is an innovation, too, in the shape of a "ladies' compartment" in each train, which is doubtless very useful, though, so far as our experience goes, it is the only part of the train which ladies carefully avoid. The nuisance of the long delay at Old Trafford, for the purposes of examining and collecting tickets, has been abated by transferring the task to Knott Mill, and there expediting the process. An attempt is being made to increase the facility of exit from the carriages by raising the platforms on one side of the various stations. A regulation by which the station-masters on the line are required to don an official uniform may, on some grounds, be desirable enough, but perhaps do not pay sufficient regard to the feelings of the officials themselves. It is said that for some time after the introduction of the system, the presiding genius at Brooklands Station displayed a disgusted countenance, and wore an overcoat. There has been, too, so complete a series of alterations in the times of running the trains that it is wildly foolish to venture an attempt to catch any particular train without first consulting the guide. The old and partly uniform system of starting most of the trains at a quarter past the hour has been modified in a complicated and puzzling way; and to trust to knowledge acquired under the old *régime* is only to reduce the possibility of missing a train to a certainty, and so to induce a tendency towards ill-temper and strong language. Perhaps the most interesting and fundamental changes have been in the arrangements of the expresses. Sale residents, angry at assumed neglect, have been soothed by the introduction of trains which run to Sale and no further. Sale is thus appeased by the possession of trains to which it has a special claim, whilst at the same time, Bowdon retains its original claim to dignity and superiority, in the shape of the morning, evening, and Saturday expresses.

THE CLOSE OF THE MANCHESTER CRICKET SEASON.

The advent of furious autumn weather has completely brought to an end the lingering cricketing season. For the next few months devotees of muscle will have to content themselves with indoor athletics, unless they choose to share in the violent delights of football. Lancashire county cricket, with which, as its centre, the Manchester Club is to some extent identified, has, during the year, been flat, stale, and unprofitable. The county matches have been few and far between, comparatively uninteresting, and, as a consequence, the attendance has been thin. Locally, however, the season has not been a bad one. In looking over the list of performances and players we are struck by the absence of the name of Mr. Hillkirk, who last year headed the list. This year Mr. Roger Walker stands at the head of scorers, with an average of something over 42. Second comes Mr. P. R. Perera, who, however, only played in three matches. Lieutenant Mackinnon, who has proved a very useful ally and an excellent all-round cricketer, is third; and following him are the well-known names of Messrs. Nelson, E. B. Rowley, and J. F. Leese. Mr. S. H. Swire stands eighth out of the thirty-four players who may be considered active members of the Manchester club; Mr. Ollivant is ninth, and Mr. Bousfield twelfth. Mr. A. B. Rowley stands no higher than nineteenth, though doubtless his bowling average would be very much more distinguished. The most indefatigable of cricketers, Mr. "Teddy" Rowley, has played in 24 out of 34 matches, and has secured by far the largest total of runs. Mr. Ollivant appeared in 22, and the secretary of the club, Mr. Swire, in 16. The highest scorer in a single match is Mr. Swire, who made 115 in a single innings. Messrs. Nelson and Ollivant also made 10 and 100 respectively in a single innings, and there are several other scores close on a hundred. On the other hand, Mr. Hudson secured the imposing and useful average score of one.

THE NEW QUEEN'S THEATRE.

The gods of Manchester are not to be deserted. Deprived of their accustomed old haunt in Spring Gardens for many dismal months, they have whistled and let off their pop bottles up in the ceiling at Peter Street, and perspired together in that cavernous pit which forms their entrance into the temple of Oxford Road. But they have only been as visitors: they pined for "Home, sweet home." Their old champion, Mr. F. B. Egan, in conjunction with another hero, Mr. Walter Raynham, has stepped to the front like a man and a brother. The old London Music Hall is being rapidly converted into a spacious New Queen's Theatre, where ample pit and gallery accommodation is in course of being provided for them. We stepped in, about a fortnight since, and found ourselves in the midst of a very chaos of carpentery. We made a mental exclamation that if that dire confusion was reduced to order by next Christmas, it would be as much as the bargain. In another week, however, we perceived the chaos was perceptibly assuming the dimensions and appearance of a theatre. But as chips, splinters, plaster, and occasional brickbats rattled down in our immediate vicinity, from mysterious heights above, we beat a quick retreat. Still the work proceeds: every day working such wonders that we really begin to believe that Messrs. F. B. Egan and Walter Raynham will be able, this day week, as per advertisement, to present to an eager and admiring auditory Mr. T. A. Palmer's drama, in four acts, *Insured at Lloyds*.

THE FLOOD QUESTION.

The large falls of rain which have recently deluged this neighbourhood and raised the unhappy Irwell to so uncomfortable a height, and the prospect that in all human probability there will be another flood before very long, have excited the dwellers in Lower Broughton to an unwonted pitch. Even the "stony-hearted" Manchester Corporation have been moved to devote a little more "talkee-talkee" to the already talked-out subject. Mr. Alderman Bennett has fulminated. He makes out a splendid *prima facie* case. The floods injure certain property. If people choose to buy such property they must take the consequences. If they object to the floods, they must remove them on their own account. This argument applies perhaps in certain cases. It is a complete answer to those persons who have bought property at a low price on account of its liability to such floods; but it is no answer at all to the representatives of old proprietors. If these floods were what the lawyers call "the act of God," it would be only proper that the owners should suffer the losses they entail. Every man must bear his own misfortunes. Also, if the men were known to whose acts the obstructions were attributable which occasion these uncomfortable overflows, it would still be for the owners to bear the loss in the first place and then pursue their remedy

against the guilty parties. But the question has become too complicated for so simple a solution. Too many parties have assisted at the mischief. Even the corporations are not innocent. Under the circumstances clearly both the boroughs ought to bear a good share of the burden. And the proper way to determine the proportion is to consider, not the area of land affected in each jurisdiction, but the share had in the causes of the mischief by each district. We would meet Mr. Bennett to this extent. We think the owners of the property affected ought to bear a large proportion of the cost of the remedy; because the same increase of the importance of the two towns which has caused the floods has at the same time raised the value of their property. Moreover, the occurrence of occasional overflows is a contingency which should have been expected by the original purchasers of such low-lying land. On the other hand, we do not see that the inhabitants of Lower Broughton are to be pitied: for if their neighbourhood *is* liable to be converted into a dirty Venice every now and then, their rents are lowered by that circumstance. Passing to the consideration of what is to be done, we have not seen any notice taken of the suggestion of a writer to the papers, that flood-gates should be put into the weirs which block the river. We suppose, however, that even were such an expedient practicable and effective, it would be much too simple and inexpensive to meet with the approval of any of the eminent engineers who have been consulted in the matter. The right thing to do, and the swiftest solution of the difficulty, would be to sweep the weirs away altogether, as we insisted many months ago, and let our old friend Vested Interest, whose privileges are maintained at the risk of life, health, and fortune to thousands, seek redress in the usual way.

NEWSPAPER HONOUR.

The *Daily Telegraph* the other day attacked the Bishop of Manchester in its leading columns. Finding it had based its strictures on an incorrect report, it recently withdrew its observations in an obscure paragraph on an inside page.

DANGEROUS HOARDINGS.

We are getting tired of mentioning these perils of the street. Still they remain as dangerous as ever. At the time of writing, there is a huge hoarding on the Bury New Road blown into a large curve, and daily threatening passers-by. We have tried what amicable mention of these dangerous nuisances will do. It has done exactly nothing. We will now try whether any more effect can be produced by an announcement that anybody injured by their falling has a clear cause of action against those who put them up.

SALFORD MAYORS.

Last week we published a list of the Mayors of Manchester, and we now supply a corresponding one of the Mayors of Salford since the borough received the Charter of Corporation.

1844-5—William Lockett.	1857-8—William Harvey.
1845-6—John Kay.	1858-9— Ditto.
1846-7—Robert P. Livingston.	1859-60—James Woods Weston.
1847-8—William Jenkinson.	1860-1— Ditto.
1848-9—Edward R. Langworthy.	1861-2—James Worrall.
1849-50— Ditto.	1862-3—William Pearson.
1850-1—Thomas Agnew.	1863-4— Ditto.
1851-2—Frank Ashton.	1864-5—Wright Turner.
1852-3— Ditto.	1865-6— Ditto.
1853-4—William Ross.	1866-7—Henry D. Pochin.
1854-5— Ditto.	1867-8— Ditto.
1855-6—Stephen Heelis.	1868-9—Thomas Davies.
1856-7— Ditto.	1869-70— Ditto.

Although there has been something like a hitch in Mr. Davies' accepting the office of Chief Magistrate for a third time, we understand that it is still probable he may be elected. On the occasion of the Queen's visit to the Art Treasures Exhibition in 1857, Mr. Stephen Heelis was offered the dignity of Knighthood, which he declined.

AMALGAMATION OF THE CORPORATIONS.

Mr. Councillor Dyson, of Salford—a gentleman who has touched pitch and yet not been defiled—which is more than can be safely said of all the Salford officials—recently advocated in public the amalgamation of the corporations of Manchester and Salford. The idea is not altogether new. Indeed, it has already been carried into effect as regards the courts of record of the adjoining boroughs. But it is well worth consideration. The two places are practically one, and the amount of friction evolved in the contact of the two bodies in the course of business is often a serious obstacle to the good service of the public. The petty jealousies more than occasionally manifested, and intensified by the consciousness of inferiority in one party will always continue to exist so long as the two governments exist distinct, though side by side. The idea of an amalgamation will not be acceptable, perhaps, at first to everybody. It is one of those things which one has to get used to; but it is as well to bring it now and then before the minds of the two jurisdictions, so as to get it regarded as a matter that is on the carpet, and so that when the question becomes ripe for thorough discussion it may not be scouted as a new thing.

[STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.]

THE OLD EDITOR.

TO say that he was of the old school is, of course, quite unnecessary. It is clear that he must have been so, for the new school has come up so rapidly, and has strode or stridden so much in the fashion of a Cochin China fowl over its predecessors, that the Editor of a dozen years ago is, in the newspaper profession at all events, quite of antediluvian mould. And old J.—as the people loved to call him—was quite of the Noah's ark type amongst his fellows of the press. He had commenced with one publication a week, and I am convinced that in his innermost soul, which was never turned inside out for the curiosity of his fellow creatures, he always regarded a diurnal publication as a mistake, or something perhaps in the nature of a criminal information. I can remember when he made an effort to publish twice a week, and the smug satisfaction with which he contemplated this unwonted feat in provincial journalism, by which, as it were, the doctrine of finality was impressed in the language of his favourite statesman by the words "rest and be thankful" upon this busy community.

He hated bother and fuss; and I am not sure that he had any shares in the Electric and International Telegraph Co., or that his urbane manner to all men in his employ extended to the youthful "buttons" who brought in the wire messages for his official use. Let me make a notch here of the urbanity to which I have just alluded, which was very conspicuous, and embraced the humblest as well as the most trusted of his people—the gentlemen who wrote the leaders, not more than the printer's devil who waited for the proofs. He was accused of smallness in public matters, I think unjustly; but in his conduct towards his subordinates he was as fine an old cock as any village squire in a modern novel. He had many of the characteristics of a village squire—notably in the unstudied carelessness of his costume, which combined the qualities of a head-gamekeeper or a stud-groom, with an utter detestation of glossy hats. How he managed to avoid the latter attribute I never could make out, unless he engaged a man to walk about with his future hats under cover of rainy nights, or bribed a hatter of accommodating principles to iron them down in a damp cavern. Through the unstudied costume and the washing hats there always gleamed the symptoms of a gentleman. Our old Editor never looked dirty or dingy. Everything about him was wholesome and healthy and in strict conformity with a bright blue eye, that was always clear, but which yet had no particular twinkle.

He was to me so welcome a study for so many years, that I should like to put down my impressions precisely as they occurred to me. I suppose he knew me about as much and about as little as he did scores of other men who lived in the same place with him, and who occasionally met him at dinner

and talked to him, but who, nevertheless, he passed in the streets or upon the Exchange as if he had never seen them in his whole life before. The man who attributed this to pride, or to forgetfulness, or to discourtesy—and more than one has done so—never made a greater blunder in his life. This manner did not even result from indifference, but from sheer shyness and a determination, if you like to call it so, to let well alone. "You leave me alone and I will leave you alone"—this was the old boy's motto; and I am not sure that it is not a very good one. If it have no other advantage, it saves a deal of time. The old Editor would have had a difficulty in starting the conversation, and, like many others less shy than himself, he would have been puzzled how to get away and make an end of it. I never in all my life knew any man who manifested so constant an indifference to all things around him as did old J. It seemed a constant indifference, but it was not invariable. It broke down suddenly on the oddest occasions, and oftentimes the most trivial ones. If one of his literary staff consulted him upon an important political topic, he would maintain a stolid imperturbability of countenance and go on reading his paper as if he had no concern in the matter—suddenly remarking that Buckstone was about to visit the Theatre Royal, or that there had been a bloody murder at Westbromwich, which reminded him of a similar tragedy at Heckmondwike five-and-twenty years ago. If he had not been a great reader, with a good memory for essentials, you would have imagined that this indifference to opinions, hazarded frequently for the sake of eliciting his own, was assumed for the purpose of concealing incompetency and shallowness. He was occasionally as hard to draw as a reluctant badger, but it was never because he was afraid of the dogs. He was afraid of nothing in a general way; and whether he was justified in the sentiment or not, I feel satisfied that when properly roused—which was precious seldom—he would have grimly defied the starknaked opinion of a world in arms against him.

For the curious manner in which he advanced opinions at odd and inappropriate times, he resembled, perhaps, Mr. F's. aunt more than any character in history or fiction that I remember, and he stated those opinions abruptly, with a bland hardihood quite on the finality principle, as much as to say, "we must decline all further controversy upon this point;" or, "this correspondence must now cease." When these abrupt sentiments were self-evident—as they not unfrequently were—they gave a pompous air to his declarations; and when they admitted of cavil, as they often did, all cavil was warned off by the dry obstinacy of the declarator, who gathered his opinionative robe gracefully around him, prepared, if necessary, to expire at the foot of Pompey's statue.

Considering the position, at one time unique, which his journal occupied, it was remarkable with how little of ostentation it was conducted by himself personally. Had he desired it, there were no honours in the gift of the community in which he lived so long that he might not have aspired to, or which might not have been his. But he seemed to be with us, and yet not of us. Few could make out in what he took most pleasure in public life. On one occasion—and on one only, in my recollection—he seemed to be swung along by popular impulse into something like overt energy. But it was literally a flare-up and nothing else. He never became personally the centre of a heated circle of politicians on 'Change. Even on 'Change he wandered about as if he knew nobody, and as if nobody knew him. At a time when, in his own office, he had the run of all the newspapers in England that were worth reading; he would come down to the stands on 'Change and wait for the man already there to turn over the leaf which he wanted to see. His pacings to and fro between his office and the Exchange were something marvellous, and had a dreamy monotony about them very characteristic of the man. In his gait there was to the last a steady elasticity, which, considering his age, was most surprising. He belonged to a race of men which, I fear, is now diminishing in number, whose framework and constitutions were so radically sound that disease could not come near them and physicians were in vain. Our old Editor enjoyed a good dinner and a flask of good wine, as the phrase goes, with here and there one. It was so literally, for it was generally with one friend, and that a very old one, that he most enjoyed the pleasant conviviality of an early dinner. I could wish that that one friend would tell us something more than we yet know about the inner workings of the mind and spirit of old J.

It is the fashion to say of such a man that he will be missed. This is a very venturous declaration in the midst of the fearful tramp and waste of life that are now going on, and which, in the next generation bid fair to diminish the number of hardy workers of which old J. was a type. Yet, nevertheless, I miss the old gentleman in the haunts I have described; and the building in which he took so great an interest, and which throws up so many figures more conspicious than he, scarcely looks itself without him. Lifting, just one little moment, the veil which concealed his private from his public life, I can see, shining behind it, an exemplar of many virtues—the kindly father; the open-handed, charitable, unostentatious, fast friend; the considerate master; the frugal, honest citizen. The close of his career marks also the close of an epoch in the profession, which, in many respects, he adorned. In the palmy days of old J., newspapers may be said never to have turned a hair—provincial newspapers, at all events—now they are always in a lather. Old J. was not, as the Americans would say, an electric writer; and he did not consider that in the multiplication of "leaders" there was necessarily wisdom. The good, steady roadster leaders of his day have given place to a team of ponies pulling in every direction, and getting their little limbs painfully over the breechbands by reason of too much stimulant ginger.

SANCHO'S WALLET,

By Edwin Waugh.

SOLD AGAIN!

(Employer, in the absence of his manager, paying his workpeople at the week-end.)

Employer.—Where's that lad that broke th' windows?

Lad.—I'm here.

Employer.—What's thi name?

Lad.—Billy Robishaw.

Employer.—Thae broke some windows tother day didn'to?

Lad.—I did.

Employer.—Well; I'se be like to stop it out o' thi wage.

Lad.—O' reet!

Employer.—Hasto towd thi faither?

Lad.—Ay.

Employer.—What says he?

Lad.—He's willin'.

Employer.—*(Looking at his wage-book).*—Robishaw! I don't see th' name, here. How much a week hasto?

Lad.—I've had noan, yet. I'm nobbut a larner.

Employer.—Oh, by th' mass, I'm sowd! Well, lad; thae can noather pay for windows, nor nought else out o' that. Here, come; I'll gi' tho three shillin' a week for a start. Now, mind thae keeps out o' mischief!

SCARBOROUGH WARNING.

(Judd and Jerry, two country fellows at a Lancashire Rushbearing, fighting in the dark.)

Judd.—I've licked thee mony a time afore, Jerry; an' I'm goin' to do it again.

JERRY.—Hello, owd brid; is it thee? I thought it wur yo'r Joe! Let's drop it!

JUDD.—I'm willin'. Dry thi face; an' let's have a gill.

BIDE A BIT.

(A country couple, before the old parson, waiting to be married. The old man begins the burial service, by mistake.)

PARSON.—"I am the resurrection and the life,—"

BRIDE.—*(Whispers to the bridegroom.)*—Eh! yer thee, James; it's th' funeral sarvice. He's beawn to bury us?

BRIDEGROOM.—Howd, maister! Yo'r beginnin' at th' wrang end! Don't bury this lass, yet; I beg on yo!

LAY AND CLERICAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

WE have taken occasion sometimes to refer to the singular advertisements which appear in the newspapers from persons in search of employment, and from employers seeking servants and assistants. Ladies advertise for "pious cooks," for housemaids with "no followers allowed," "Methodist nurses," "Presbyterian laundresses, "Roman Catholics," and frequently there is an intimation that "no Irish need apply." We should imagine that such notices must produce a vast amount of hypocrisy and lying. Widows and middle-aged married ladies, as they describe themselves, are perpetually applying for situations as "housekeeper to a widower or single gentleman," which always rouses in us a suspicion that they may have ulterior designs upon these unprotected males. Housemaids, among other qualifications, describe themselves as being "nice looking;" not that we have any objections to pretty housemaids, only we should rather prefer that they did not vaunt their own charms upon what, after all, might turn out to be a disputed point. Then again, "As housemaid, where a young unmarried footman is kept," always strikes us as being an expression liable to be misunderstood. Footmen describe themselves as "standing six feet high." Why don't they give the thickness of their legs round the calf? The most whimsical of advertisements, however, are those of managers and actors in search of engagements, as "first old men, first old women, heavy business, walking gentlemen, walking ladies, and singing chambermaids." These notices are almost literally taken from last week's newspapers; but we were surprised upon turning to other columns of the papers, to find that the clergy of the English Church and ministers of other denominations were rivals of the players in the absurdity of their advertisements. We subjoin a few which came inadvertently before our eyes in the Manchester and other papers, merely leaving out the names of some of the advertisers.

At —— Church, to-morrow (Sunday) evening, by the Rector. Subject, "Thy Cousin Elizabeth," with reference especially to our good Protestant Queen Elizabeth.

Why, what on earth has the wife of Zacharias to do with Queen Bess? The latter was a spinster to the end of her days, but the wife of the priest had a son after "they were both well-stricken in years." Surely the preacher was not profane enough to draw a comparison between them because they both had cousins named Mary.

Wanted, a curate for a small retired country parish. Must be a good walker.

It would be interesting to know what that last sentence exactly means. Is he to visit the sick on foot, or undertake pedestrian matches, or what?

Wanted immediately, a curate in full orders for ——; decidedly evangelical; a good reader and preacher, and willing to work in the parish.

Are we to infer from this that evangelical curates, good readers and preachers, are generally unwilling to do parish work?

A curate will be wanted for ——, in December next, English, Oxford, or Cambridge, *with a powerful voice.* The rector does not undertake to reply to all applicants.

Here we have once more the notice—"No Irish need apply," a nice slap in the face to a country which has turned out preachers of such eminence as the Bishop of Peterborough, and many hard-working curates and incumbents in this diocese. Then, the refusal to reply to all applicants; how pleasant for the curates, after forwarding their certificates and qualifications (including a powerful voice) to wait day after day in hopes of an answer which never arrives.

A clergyman in easy circumstances, with one daughter, offers services for six months.

We should have thought that more than one daughter was rather an advantage than otherwise, both to a clergyman in easy circumstances and to the people among whom he proposed to ministrate.

A good churchman, of no extreme views, requires a curacy or sole charge, good voice: single: aged twenty eight.

Single, and aged twenty-eight! Think of that, young ladies. Here be room for slippers, embroidered braces, scarves, and all manner of things comforting and ornamental. We subjoin one more of these interesting applications:—

Wanted, a curacy or sole charge, by a graduate, four years in orders. Sound churchman. Not married; musical.

We confess that the expression, "sound churchman," puzzles us. This unmarried, musical, sound churchman, must be a very cautious person. Although we dislike such terms as evangelical, ritualistic, high church, broad church, port-wine school, in the ordinary acceptation of these terms, still they do signify various sections of the Church of England; but what is a "sound churchman," unless it means that he is strong in wind and limb? Perhaps it means the advertiser's own particular views, as seen through his own particular spectacles. To us it conveys no other meaning than that of pomposity.

There is absolutely no limit to such modest and insinuating testimonials. They are very much on a par with the flunkeys and their calves; and we shall be hearing next of curates recommending themselves for their efficiency at croquet, bezique, promenades, pic-nics, quadrilles, waltzes, and other amusements popular with ladies. We have quite as much relish for such advertisements as the following, which appeared in the Manchester papers last Saturday:—

William Bamford, the converted navvy, will preach in the Mission Hall, Grosvenor Street, to-morrow, at 2-30 and 6 o'clock. Subjects, "The Railway to Heaven," and "Lodgers Pay no Rent." Also, on Monday and Tuesday evenings. Subjects, "The Longest Ladder in the World," "The Model Family, and the Haunted House."

This is at least in quite as good taste as the advertisements given above.

SWEEPS.

NOT those harmless, necessary, albeit dusky, members of society who walk the streets, brush in hand, uttering rancid yells at irregular intervals, and who are made responsible for all the unearthly noises heard next door anytime between the hours of four and six in the morning; not that numerous class of swindlers, blacklegs, and cowards, whom society, for some unknown reason, unless it be association of colour, has been pleased to stigmatize as "sweeps," are alluded to in our title, but merely that curious form of gambling, something in the nature of an Art Union, with horses names substituted for pictures, and known to civilization as "sweeps." The longer word is perhaps the most original, but being less expressive has almost fallen into disuse.

It is strange, but true, that wherever twenty or thirty men are gathered together, they are certain, in the event of an important horse race, to get up a sweep. There would seem to be a sort of fascination about this amateur gambling perfectly irresistible, for all manner and kinds of men, even those who abhor betting in any form, and look upon race-horses as but a breed of developed and enlarged greyhounds, who never saw a race run in their lives, and speak of the theatre and the racecourse as twin abominations, will give their half-sovereigns cheerfully for the remote chance of drawing the winner. Then, moreover, the fact of holding a share in a sweep changes, for the time being, the character of the human animal in a manner little short of miraculous. Men who a day or two before had regarded the sporting intelligence in the morning papers as waste of space, if not worse, became suddenly, and as if by inspiration, most learned in the all but inscrutable mysteries of the turf. They quote the odds in the latest betting, and speak of utterly irrelevant events as having happened in "Scarlatina's year." They regard the cab-horse of society with the critical eye of a trainer; descant learnedly on the advisability of always giving odds against the favourite, if you want to make a safe book, and adulterate the most serious talk with hideous stablisms. The left hand becomes the near side; a pretty ancle, a clean fetlock; and gentle innocent gruel, a feed of oats. Even those preventeded by impecuniosity from sharing in the fearful risk, catch the infection, though in a

less degree, and they watch the fortunes of the members of the sweep with almost paternal anxiety, advising the holder of the favourite, with the greatest impartiality, not to sell his number, at the same time offering him something like forty-five per cent less than its market value. They collect information most assiduously, and proclaim a "scratch" with undisguised glee. They rejoice over the misfortunes of their friends, and take care that all accidents shall be announced to the loser thereby in the shortest possible space of time. The sweep is like some very ill weeds. It grows best in localities where there is much moisture, such as an old-established public-house, where the habitues are nearly all friends, or at least acquaintances; but it often spreads to dryer soil, and has often been known to take root and thrive in many clubs, even those the most dusty and æsthetic. The difficulty of eradication is enormous, for its weed-like quality causes it to sow itself; and, therefore, so soon as there is a sweep for the Derby, so there will be one for the Oaks, and then for the Leger, and then for the Cæsarewitch, and it is well indeed if it do not throw out tentacles in the shape of the Chester Cup and the Cambridgeshire Stakes. Considering the demoralizing effect of the sweep, and its tenacity of life and remarkable fascination, it may not be uninteresting to give some account of the rise, development, and result of one specimen; and the reader may try and find out if there be anything to justify the insane conduct of those connected with it, and the utter absorption of all other considerations in this one wild desire to win about £7. 10s. 0d., more or less.

It was about a week before the celebrated race, the St. Diary, was run, that a sweep was got up, (to use the popular expression) in the smoking-room of that suburban house of call, the Codger's Haunt, and the Irish major from Cork was the chief promoter and general manager. His first step was, after consultation with the proprietress, to pin over the chimney-piece a sheet of foolscap paper, bearing the following legend.

> Sweep for the St. Diary, in 40 shares, 7s. 6d. each.
> First Prize, £10; second, £3; third, £2.
> The drawing will take place on the 41st inst., at 1 p.m.
> The money to be paid to Miss Blank, at the bar.

Then followed forty lines, ruled horizontally, on the first of which the major inscribed his name, and the word "paid." Having thus inaugurated the sweep and established an example, the major applied himself seriously to the work of seduction. He lived in the smoking-room of the Haunt from dawn till dewy eve, and so sure as any frequenter appeared, he swooped upon him like a hawk. "It's only three half-crowns, me boy," he would say, "and ye've the chance of winning ten pounds if ye've any luck at all; beside ye can't dhraw a horse that won't sell for three times the money, unless your horse is a blank, which never happened to anyone except meself to me knowledge, and I always come to grief somehow, more's the pity! And what will ye take to drink now?" Of course, after such persuasion, the victim would drink, and pay his seven-and-six, which cost the major exactly one shilling, the price of two glasses of brandy and cold water. Anyhow, the list filled rapidly; twenty of the horizontal lines were full in two days, and ten the next morning, the major from Cork throwing away persuasive eloquence enough to have carried three contested boroughs at a general election. On the morning of the 41st the Codger's Haunt was crowded and riotous. Quotations from the latest betting were sung loudly in the air, and all the sporting papers lay disheveled on the floor. "Now, me boys," said the major, "its one o'clock, and its time to dhraw; come in Mary, my darlin', and mind ye dhraw me the winner anyhow. There's thirty-nine of us now, a purty number, and we needn't wait any longer.

It would seem an easy matter to draw the numbers in a case like this; but when it turns out that the first favourite has been put down twice over, there arises this difficulty: who is to be the victim? The man who drew Hydrochloral first, won't listen to the argument of the owner of Hydrochloral No. 2, to the effect that *he* might, and most likely would have drawn him, (*i.e.* Hydrochloral, the favourite) if *he*, No. 1, had not been the one too many on the list. So the affair had to be gone over again, and then the major from Cork drew Hydrochloral, and was exultant thereat. "How's the prizes to be settled?" asked the Volunteer, "how will you make three columns—I mean three prizes, out of thirty-nine shares at seven and six?" "What the juice do you mean?" cried the major, "£14. 12s. 6d. in three parts is £10 first prize, £3 second, and £1. 12s. 6d. third." "No, it is'nt," said the Hospital Surgeon, who held the third favourite; "I took a share because I was told I should win ten pounds, three pounds, or two pounds, and I shall have my money back if it's brought down to one, twelve, six." "Look here, major, you must form the whole lot into fours, and then it will be all right; one, two, three, and four shares," said the Volunteer, who, on the strength of wearing a light grey uniform, with silver fixings, every Saturday, considered it proper to speak like a regimental drill-book on all possible and impossible occasions. "Form them in fours, and have a quarter distance—I mean a difference of one-quarter between each." "Ah! it's distressing ye are, after all the trouble I've been at for your good," said the major from Cork. "There'll be no use, unless the forty 's made up; won't any gentleman take two chances? Then we'll have to knock off one to make it even numbers, and dhraw over again. It's distressing, I tell you, after me dhrawing the favourite myself, too!" At this moment a quiet stranger entered the room, asked for beer, and was assailed by the major and harassed by the Volunteer. He said, at last, that he would take a share just to fill up the list, and paid his money. Then the sweep was drawn again, and the major held Hydrochloral once more; the Volunteer drew a blank, and the stranger Son to Sampson—a horse nowhere in the betting. After which the stranger left.

The tendency of a sweep to induce insanity never shows itself more strongly than during the hour before the telegram giving the result of the sweep arrives. This sweep was no exception. It was settled at the Haunt that the winner of the first prize should give a supper to the remaining thirty-nine; and the major, who refused £8 for his number, mortgaged his chance at once, by paying then and there for champagne on the strength of Hydrochloral, on whom the odds were 3 to 1, and who at that very moment was being lashed and spurred to madness by his jockey up the hill of the Blank race-course. "I'll call for ten hounds, my dear, to-morrow morning," he said to the barmaid; and it 'll be a pair of gloves for you any way, for giving me good luck. I can't wait for the telegram." When the telegram did come, it was opened by the Volunteer, who read as follows:—"St. Diog. Son to Sampson, 1; Growler, 2; Tim, 3." There was great trouble. By some mistake Growler had been omitted, and "the field" was forgotten. When the shareholders met the next morning to see what was to be done, they discovered that the quiet stranger had called two hours before and drawn his ten pounds. He had won the sweep, he said, and showed his number—Son to Sampson—all correct, as the landlady declared, and so she gave the money. There was really nothing to be done. The holder of Tim received his two pounds. The second prize was drank generally amongst the members. The Major from Cork declared that the sweep cost him £5, besides a bracelet, promised if his horse won (wives insist that favourite and winner are synonymous terms). Yet when, three weeks afterwards, a sweep for the Infanta Stakes was proclaimed in the smoking-room of the Codgers' Haunt, the chief promoter and manager was the Irish Major from Cork.

A PENNY GRAMMAR.

As a marvel of cheapness, we may mention an English Grammar for a penny! We only hope it will not, by its cheapness, do anything to assist in lowering the standard of English. We have always been of the opinion expressed the other day by the Bishop, that the only really effectual way of teaching the grammar of the English tongue is by means of the Latin grammar. The study of Latin is a means, as well as an end in itself. A more enlarged view of English in its grammatical aspect can of course be had by studying Greek or German, or both, as the Latin language has no "articles." But Mr. J. S. Horn, the compiler of this grammar, in common with Mr. J. D. Morell, will have none of them. He turns them into adjectives. To be sure, he treats them more respectfully than Mr. Morell, who will only consent that what we have always been accustomed to consider the definite Article shall continue to exist. So we have all the eight parts of speech here for a penny; one for half a farthing—the coin said to have been invented to enable the benevolent Scotchman to give *something*. Syntax and Prosody are, of course, not to be expected in a work of this size, but as far as it goes it presents a very fair notion of what the English language is, and though it would not perhaps do much good by itself to the ignorant and unassisted student, yet it will not much mislead him; and it will be of considerable assistance to the instructed teacher who has to give, in a short time, say to a class at a night school, an easily learned idea of the words they speak or read.

One or two of the explanations might perhaps be altered with advantage. For an example, "The baby cries; *cries* is called an Intransitive verb, because the action which it expresses *does not pass over to an object!*" Doesn't it though? We have a remembrance of having retired out of earshot on several such occasions. The theory is, of course, right enough, but the illustration, which is everything in a popular work, is, *tant soit peu*, unfortunate.

The author looks suspiciously at Interjections. He evidently intends to have a shy at them in another edition. He has already degraded them from the ranks of the parts of speech, and says they are used only as sounds! Why, if this is the case, we shall not, in mourning their loss, be permitted even to say Alas! Altogether, the book, which is one of the numerous educational works issued by the publisher of this journal, is decidedly cheap, and in suitable hands very likely to be very useful.

GOOD HOUSE COAL to be had at 48, GRANBY ROW, at 7d per cwt.
BEST, 8d. per cwt. Carted one mile and a half.

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AT
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CARPETS! CARPETS! CARPETS!!
CONSIDERABLY REDUCED!
BEST BRUSSELS, 3s. 4d., 3s. 11d., 4s. 6d.
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HAIR DYE, 3s. 6d. HAIR DESTROYER, or Depilatory for Removing Hair from the Face, 3s. 6d. SPANISH FLY OIL, or Oil of Cantharides, for the Growth of Hair and Whiskers, 3s. 6d. ALEXANDER ROSS'S GREAT HAIR RESTORER, for Changing Grey Hair to its Proper Colour, 3s. 6d. Had of all Chemists in Manchester. ALEX ROSS, 248, High Holborn, London.

Agent for this splendid Cigar. Samples, 4½d. and 6d. each.

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Messrs. EGAN and RAYNHAM have great pleasure in informing their patrons that the Premises known as the "London Hall," and lately as the "Royal Amphitheatre," have been entirely Re-constructed and Transformed into one of the Handsomest of Theatres, in which the comfort of the public has been made their especial care.

The DRESS CIRCLE, the Ladies' and Gentlemen's Retiring Rooms, &c., will be Handsomely Furnished to accommodate at least Three Hundred Persons. Seats may be taken in advance without any extra charge for booking or attendance.

The prevailing custom of using Half the Pit for Stalls has been abandoned, and the whole Area will be thrown open to the general public, and is sufficiently spacious to seat One Thousand Two Hundred Persons, the Double Entrance affording the facility of Clearing the Building in Three Minutes, in case of Accident.

The GALLERY has been made the Largest and the Best Ventilated in the Provinces. The Tier is placed on the level of the usual Upper Boxes, an arrangement which we feel assured will be a great boon to the patrons of the Drama, whilst the New Principle on which the Theatre has been constructed will give a perfect view of the Stage when crowded to excess.

The DECORATIONS . . . . . by Messrs. Edmondson and Pollitt.
The UPHOLSTERY . . . . . by Mr. Standage.
NEW SUNLIGHT and GAS APPOINTMENTS . . . . . by Mr. F. Haywath.
ENTIRE NEW STAGE and MECHANICAL APPOINTMENTS by Mr. J. R. Chapman, of the Principal London and Glasgow Theatres.

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DOORS OPEN AT HALF-PAST SIX O'CLOCK—COMMENCE AT SEVEN.

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It must be manifest that the use of this Ink removes considerable impediments to the quickly getting out of Prices Current, &c., as **no time is lost,** as heretofore, in writing on the prepared paper before printing.

This Ink is in use in numerous Establishments, and we have the pleasure of printing the following testimonials:—

Messrs. J. G. Kershaw & Co., Manchester. Manchester, March 23rd, 1870.

Gentlemen,—I have much pleasure in testifying that your New Lithographic Writing Ink is a great improvement on any other kind I have seen, and that it is almost impossible to detect the copies from the original handwriting. I have every confidence in recommending it to your customers.

I remain, yours respectfully, *Pro* S. MENDEL, JOHN CLARKE.

Messrs. J. G. Kershaw & Co., 37, Oxford Street. Manchester, 7th December, 1869.

Gentlemen,—We have much pleasure in testifying to the usefulness of your Patent Lithographic Transfer Writing Ink, which we have found to answer its purpose very well, and which we shall use, preferable to other similar compounds, as often as we have an opportunity.—Yours truly,

DROEGE & CO.

Messrs. J. G. Kershaw & Co., 37, Oxford Street. Aytoun Street, Manchester, 4th August, 1869.

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JOHN ROBERTS,

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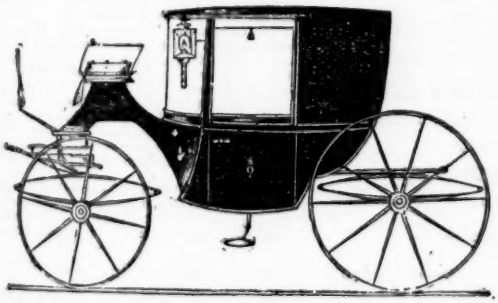
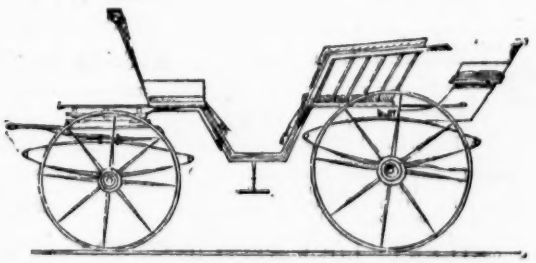
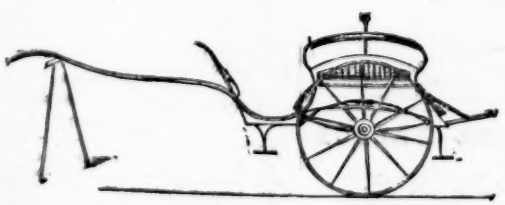
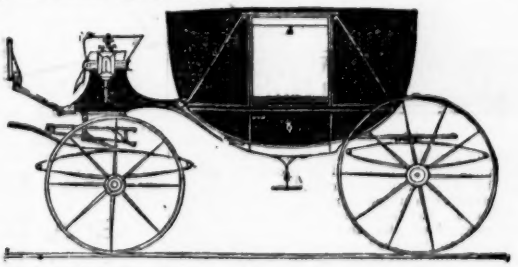




J. R. wishes to introduce to the Public his NEW RACKET CART or DRAG, the greatest Novelty of the day, to ride low, easy of access for Ladies, and runs light, only 3¼ cwt.





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ESTIMATES AND DRAWINGS ON APPLICATION.

J. R. received the special commendation of the Judges at the Royal Agricultural Society's Meeting held in Manchester.

ESTABLISHED 110 YEARS. KENT'S CELEBRATED WATCHES, 70. DEANSGATE.

CENTRAL ASSOCIATION

FOR STOPPING THE

Sale of Intoxicating Liquors on Sunday.

THE ANNUAL MEETING

Of the above Institution will (D.V.) be held in the

LARGE ROOM OF THE FREE TRADE HALL,

ON TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1870.

The following, among others, have promised to be present and take part in the Meeting:—

MOST REVEREND ARCHBISHOP MANNING.
REV. CANON JENKINS, M.A., Welshpool.
REV. VERNER M. WHITE, LL.D., LIVERPOOL.
HUGH BIRLEY, Esq., M.P. C. E. CAWLEY Esq., M.P
PETER RYLANDS, Esq., M.P.
C. J. HOLMES, Esq., Mayor of Warrington.
GEORGE WILD, Esq., Mayor of Stockport.
J. ASHWORTH, Esq.

Doors open at Six p.m. Chair to be taken at Seven p.m. by the

RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.

TICKETS FREE, to be had at the Offices of the Association, 43, Market Street.

ROBERT WHITWORTH, T. A. STOWELL, M.A., EDWARD WHITWELL, } Hon. Secs.
RICHARD HAWORTH, Treasurer.

BETTER THAN EVER.—New Season CHINESE MIXED TEA, possessing double the strength and flavour of any other kind, containing Chinese weight; 18oz. packages, 3s. 6d.

S. JONES & CO., Importers of Teas.
2, ESSEX STREET, KING STREET.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

CHAMBERS & CO.,

TAILORS AND DRAPERS.

Have REMOVED from 25, OLD MILLGATE to No. 24, OPPOSITE, to much larger and more eligible premises October 11th 1870.
The latest FASHIONS from Paris to be seen at this Establishment.

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WINDMILL STREET
(Late CURRIE),
Entirely Re-fitted and Re-opened.
HENRY EARLE, Proprietor.
VISITORS TO THE THEATRES
will find every accommodation in the intervals.

THE SILENT LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINE.
Unrivalled for Family Use.
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AND PILLS.

Shortness of Breath, Coughs, and Colds.—Thousands of testimonials can be produced to prove the power possessed by these corrective remedies in cases of asthma, incipient consumption, and all disorders of the chest and lungs. The Ointment well rubbed upon the chest and back, penetrating the skin, is absorbed and carried directly to the lungs, where, in immediate contact with the whole mass of circulating blood, it neutralises or expels those impurities which are the foundation of consumption, asthma, bronchitis pneumonia, and similar complaints. On the appearance of the first consumptive symptoms the back and chest of the patient should be fomented with warm brine, dried with a coarse cloth, and Holloway's Ointment then well rubbed in. Its absorption will subdue advancing symptoms, and baffle this formidable foe.

PRINCE'S THEATRE,

MANCHESTER.

Proprietors—The Prince's Theatre Co., Limited.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY,
Last Two Nights of the Great Revival

RICHARD III.

On SATURDAY there will be
TWO PERFORMANCES
The First at 2 o'clock, p.m., and in the Evening at 7, which will be positively the two last representations of this remarkable production,
On MONDAY next, the Great Comedian,

Mr. J. L. TOOLE,

accompanied by
Miss KATHLEEN IRWIN
and
Miss FANNY GARTHWAITE,
will Commence an Engagement, for Twelve Nights only, in H. J. BYRON'S Drama,

UNCLE DICK'S DARLING.

ALEXANDRA HALL,

PETER STREET, MANCHESTER.

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FRED FRENCH,

The Great London Comique.

Monday Next, First Appearance in Manchester
OF

THE LENTONS,

The most marvellous Acrobats in the world, in their unrivalled

Drawing-room Entertainment!!

First Appearance of

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The celebrated Mimic and Ventriloquist.

MESSRS. HARCOURT AND LUCETTE,

The eccentric and humorous Negro Delineators,

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Admission 6d.; Saturdays, 1s. after five.

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